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JOB PRINTING
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH
At this Office.

Selected Tales.

THE DUEL IN THE DARK.

A TALE OF VICKSBURG.

Every traveller who has descended the Mississippi within the last twenty-five years, must remember Vicksburg, so singular in its situation for a town on the shelving declivity of high rolling hills, with its houses scattered in groups on the terraces. Every reader of American newspapers during any one of the last twenty-five years must remember Vicksburg, so rich has been the fund of material it has supplied for the circulating libraries of "horrible murders," "duels," "affairs," and "executions," by all sorts of "summary process." The public will not likely soon forget the hanging of the gamblers and steam-doctors. In fine, everybody knows that the place has been noted since its earliest settlement for the belligerent character of its inhabitants, and the number and atrocity of the violent deeds which may be ascribed with literal truth, to have stained its every street with the blood of human hearts.

It is not our present purpose, however, to sketch any of these more celebrated brute-battles, that prove nothing beyond the wilful wickedness of the respective combatants. But we will select for the sake of its mournful moral alone, a solitary tragedy, which was briefly chronicled by the press of the day, and then faded from the recollection of all, save one from whom the writer received the story in all its particulars. She, of course, could never forget. The wife of the murdered hero wept at the sad reminiscence twenty years after the date of the catastrophe.

In the year 1827, a young lawyer, (whom we shall call John Thomas, to avoid harrowing the memory of some relative or friend who might chance to skim over these columns) emigrated from Worcester, in Massachusetts, to the State of Mississippi. He was poor, had recently married a beautiful and accomplished woman who had renounced wealthy parents for his sake, and hence was anxious to better his fortune in as little time as possible. This consideration determined the legal adventurer to locate at Vicksburg, then considered in the West as the paradise of the bar.

In a very short time the new lawyer had ample reasons to congratulate himself on the choice of his position. His bland demeanor, studious habits, and more than all, his eloquence in debate, won him patronage; and he rose, almost at a single bound, to the first place in his profession. He was employed in all the land suits, and in most of the still more numerous and equally lucrative cases of homicide, so that in the brief period of two years after his advent he had cleared the round sum of thirty thousand dollars. Let no sceptical disciple of Lord Coke deem this statement incredible. S. S. Prentiss, now of New Orleans, realized, cash in hand, forty thousand dollars by his opening speech in Vicksburg.

During his career thus far, young Thomas was remarkable in one respect—He never went armed, and although in the fierce and fiery altercations of the forum, he necessarily made some enemies, no attack had hitherto been ventured on his person. The athleticism of his noble form, and the look of invincible determination in his keen blue eyes, had doubtless warned the desperadoes that "the Yankee orator," as he was generally termed could hit as hard blows as the court itself. However this may be, two years elapsing, years too of eminent success, before the peaceable attorney was even insulted. Alas! this Halcyon period was doomed to a change alike sudden and terrible.

There resided at that time in the town a notorious duellist by the name of Johnson, whose matchless prowess inspired universal fear. He had slain half a dozen foes on the public "field of honor," and as many in private and irregular encounters. All the members of "the bloody fancy club" spoke of Mike Johnson's feats with rapturous enthusiasm. But all good men, all lovers of peace, when the "brave wretch" passed, turned pale and were silent.

At the May term of the District Court, 1829, the grand jury, mustering extraordinary courage, returned a true bill against Johnson for the murder of William Lee, an inoffensive youth, whom he had shot down in a drunken frolic, under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. Thomas was retained by a friend of the deceased to aid in the prosecution, and notwithstanding the earnest advice of his well-wishers to the contrary, appeared on the trial of the cause—one of the most exciting ever argued at the bar of Vicksburg. On the last evening of the session, after adjournment, Thomas rushed into the presence of his wife, with looks of such evident agitation as to fill her soul with overpowering alarm.

"My love, tell me, in the name of heaven, what has happened?" she cried, pale as a corpse, and shaking like a leaf in the wind.

"Nothing," answered the husband, thinking to conceal the most fearful part of the intelligence. "Nothing, only the murder of Mike Johnson, after his acquittal, grossly insulted me in the court-yard, and I knocked him down."

"And he challenged you to fight him with pistols?" almost shrieked the wife, anticipating the rest, with the quickness of woman's keen common sense.

"It is even so," replied the lawyer, mournfully.

"Oh! say that you will not meet him. Oh! swear that you will not turn duelist in this Sodom of the South," implored the wife, throwing her arms around his neck, and sobbing like a child on his bosom.

"There, do not weep now. I will not turn duelist, dear Emma, although I much fear that the consequence will be my ruin."

"God will protect you from the bold bad man." The next morning it was known in Vicksburg that "the Yankee orator" had been challenged and refused to fight. Accordingly, he was generally denounced as a coward—a word which at that day, and even now, might be considered as expressing far deeper scorn than either robber or assassin. As he passed through the streets, he was astonished to witness the coldness manifested by his old acquaintances, and even professed friends, while the great mass of the people seemed to regard him with indelible contempt. "Yankee white-liver," "boaster," "poltroon," were the sounds most frequently rung in his ears, especially when near the groceries, and there was one then on every terrace of the broken hill.

The matter grew still worse. About a week afterwards, Johnson met his victim in the public square, presented a cocked pistol at his heart with one hand, and belabored him unmercifully with a cowhide which he grasped in the other. Resistance at the moment was altogether out of the question, for the slightest motion would have been the signal for immediate death. He thought of Emma and her sweet babe, and bore the castigation in silence.

After this, clients deserted his office, and gentlemen refused to recognize him or return his salute in the thoroughfares of business, or during his morning strolls over the hills. Had his touch been contagious, or his breath pestilential, he could not have been more carefully shunned.

Another week passed, and the degraded lawyer was in a state of mind bordering on insanity; and yet all the while he concealed the mental torture from his affectionate wife. One evening, in a more than common bitter and gloomy mood, as he walked through the public square, he was again accosted by Mike Johnson, with his cocked pistol in one hand and uplifted cowhide in the other. The assault was the more aggravating as the place was thronged with spectators.

"Coward and villain!" exclaimed Johnson, "did I not tell you that I would cowhide you every week, until I whipped the courage of a man and a gentleman into you Yankee hide?"

"I am not a coward," retorted Thomas, in a hollow tone, so unmercifully fierce and wild that it caused every hearer to start. At the instant, his lips were livid, and clenched between his teeth till the blood ran. His eyes were red as a mad dog's, and the muscles of his face quivered; but his body and limbs seemed to have the rigidity of marble.

"He will fight now," rung in an eager whisper through the excited crowd, as they saw the terrible tokens of the fiend aroused—the fiend which lurks, at different depths, in all human nature.

"If you are not a coward, why will you not fight?" asked the duelist, somewhat struck, in spite of his thorough desperation, hardened in the hot gore of a dozen murders.

"I will fight, if you wish it," was the loud ringing answer.

"I do. Will any one present be so good as to act as my second?" inquired the lawyer, addressing the spectators.

For a minute or two no one spoke, so great was the dread of the arch duelist, Mike Johnson.

"Will no one in such a mass of generous men be my second?" repeated the lawyer, in a louder tone.

"I will," said a shrill, trumpet-like voice, on the outskirts of the crowd, and a tall, commanding form, with bravery written on his brow, and the eagle's eye beneath it, made his way to the centre of the scene of contention, and stood close fronting Johnson, with a smiling glance, before which the latter, for an instant, quailed.

The question "who is he? who is he?" circulated among the lookers on. But no one could answer; no one had ever seen him before, and yet every body would have sworn to his courage, so bold yet tranquil was his bearing.

"Who are you?" inquired the duelist, recovering his presence of mind.

"A stranger from Texas,"

"But who will vouch for your respectability?"

"I can give you vouchers sufficient," replied the stranger, frowning till his brows looked frightful; and then stooping forward, he whispered something in Johnson's ear, audible alone to him.

"I am satisfied," said the duelist aloud, and trembling perceptibly. "Col. Morton, will you serve as my friend?"

The individual last addressed gave his assent.

"Now, let us adjourn to some private room to arrange the preliminaries," remarked the stranger; and the principals and seconds left the crowd, then increasing every minute, and excited near to madness by the thick-crowding events of the hour.

The meeting took place the following night, in a dark room, with the door locked and the two seconds on the outside.

The principals were placed in opposite corners of the apartment, which was twenty feet square, and each was armed with a large bowie knife—no more. It was midnight—a night without moon or stars. Black pitchy clouds enveloped the sky, and a slight sifting mist rendered the shadows of the earth more intense. Hence, the room where the duel was about to begin was wrapped in rayless darkness. The combatants could not even see the blades of their own knives.

At first, they both stopped and stealthily undid and took off their shoes, so as to make the least possible noise in walking over the floor. The same thought had struck them at the same time—to maneuver for the vantage-ground.

Thomas moved in a circle, softly as a cat, around the apartment, till he got within a few feet of the corner where his enemy had first been placed, and then paused to listen. For four or five seconds he could hear nothing in the grave-like silence, but the quick beats of his own busy heart. Presently, however, there came to his ear a scarcely audible sound as of suppressed breathing, in the corner of the room which he had previously left; and then he knew that his foe was trying the same stratagem. The rise was repeated three, with a like result. At length Thomas concluded to stand perfectly still and await Johnson's approach. Motionless now himself, he could distinguish a soft rustling noise, like the dropping of flakes of wool, circling around the floor, and gradually advancing towards him.

At last, when the sound appeared within about three feet of the lawyer's position, he suddenly made a bounding plunge with his knife, aimed in the dark air, where he supposed the bosom of his foe to be. His blade struck against that of the other, and a few sparks of fire rolled at the fierce collision, and fell expiring on the floor.

And then, for an instant, the seconds without the door heard a sharp ringing of steel, a groan, a fall, and all again was silent as the tomb! The duel a midnight had ended; but how? They were appalled at the horrible question.

Waiting some minutes and hearing nothing more, Col. Morton and the stranger prepared a light, unlocked the door, and entered. The spectacle was most affecting. There lay the body of the corpse of the duelist, Johnson, mangled dreadfully, and above it stood the erect and imposing form of the lawyer, Thomas—unhurt, not a cut on his skin or a rent in his clothing, but weeping as if his heart were broken.

He started back as the flashing light dazzled his eyes, and growing pale as the dead at his feet, exclaimed, in accents of immeasurable anguish—"Oh, God! how shall I endure to meet my dear Emma, with this murderous gore on my hands! Such stains would defile the very gates of heaven, and blacken the floor of hell itself!"

He did, however, afterwards meet Emma and her babe; but we shall not attempt to paint the scene. A week subsequently, he was shot to pieces in his own office, while employed in writing after night. The assassin was not known, but supposed to be a younger brother of the duelist, Johnson.

The stranger who acted in the combat as the second of Thomas, was indeed, as he said, from Texas, and then travelling through Mississippi, and was the bravest man, perhaps, that ever drew the breath of life. James Bowie, who fell only with the fall of the Alamo, when his red knife was drunk with the blood of Mexicans.

Reader.—But the moral! You promised us a moral.

Writer.—The same moral which lies at the bottom of all true stories, if they be read rightly. I give you this, and can give no more—that the circumstances which make men make also their actions, as the history of many a New Englander besides poor Thomas, in the South, can attest. Therefore, never strongly condemn the deeds of your brethren of the common humanity, until you shall have realized their material and spiritual situation in all its mathematical and moral dimensions. This lesson, studied well, may render you wiser and probably happier men.

From the Boston Olive Branch. THE LAST TIE.

Leaves her time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HENNESS.

How few think of death. Any subject may be discussed—the most puerile cogitations be entertained, yet let one talk of dying, and oh, how soon the solemn subject is dismissed by the giddy and ungodly; and why is this? must we not all die! Yes, just as surely as the sun shines in the firmament. Then we should love to think, to speak of death, yea, even to visit the abode of the dying, there to learn the solemn truth that we are mortal, and must soon leave the theatre of existence, to breathe the pure atmosphere of Paradise, or writhe in excruciating tortures, in that abode "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

Reader, did you ever sit beside the bed of some dear friend, and witness the approach of the king of terrors—see the eyes become glassy, and the lips quiver in that last sad struggle? If so, the following sketch may perhaps interest you.

"Spring, gentle spring has come again," said Ellen S.—to her mother, who sat by the bed, and gazed upon her darling one with that anxiety which a mother's bosom only can feel.

"Oh, ma, open the window," continued Ellen, "and let me inhale the fragrance from my flower-garden; there are beautiful flowers in it—some planted by my own hands, others by your hands, dear ma."

Mrs. S.—raised the window, and Ellen smiled, as the perfume from her flower-garden filled the apartment in which she resided.

Ellen S.—was in her eleventh year, and her mother had looked forward with delightful anticipations, to the day when the dear child would be a solace to her; but how mysterious are the ways of Providence!—she was to be disappointed.

Two lovely children, one a son, the other a daughter, had been snatched from the dear parent who had ever striven to make them happy, by that grim monster, death; and now she sat beside the couch of her dear Ellen, the last link, the only precious tie that bound her to earth. The disease which preyed upon this sweet child had caused the death of her brother and sister, and she, too, was rapidly sinking into the arms of death.

Ah, how must that parent's heart have heaved with anguish, as she sat watching the receding sun-light of her Ellen's existence!

Is there a heart so sensitive as a mother's—one that can love more dearly? Is there one who will watch in the still night, or when the storm-kings are careering with out, more carefully, or smooth the pillow, and wipe the moisture more gently from the sufferer's brow? We think not.

"Ma, can you pluck one of those white roses from the bush that grows in the middle of the garden?" said Ellen, as her tender parent kissed her brow, so beautifully white, and smoothed back the dark tresses that adorned her child's head. "I love to look upon the white rose—it is an emblem of innocence and purity; and am I not innocent, ma?"

Mrs. S.—retired from the room, but soon returned, bringing the flower for which her sick child had asked.

Ellen stretched out her white arm, attenuated by disease, and her fingers nervously grasped the favorite rose.

"How beautiful! and its odor is so agreeable," said the pale girl; but, ma, I am very weak, my limbs are chilled, and yet no pain racks my frail body. I know that soon my voice shall be hushed, and these lips that now are almost colorless, will be cold, yes, icy cold, to the touch. But I will not talk of dying, for it distresses you, dear ma; and oh! I would rather see the sweet smile upon your face, than witness the outbursting of your sorrow. Take this rose and place it near me, that my eyes may often rest upon it; and when these orbs shall have lost their brightness, and are put out by death, then let this simple flower be placed in my hands, that they who may gaze upon my pale features may say, She was pure, she was innocent, even pure as the rose in her icy fingers."

"My child," whispered the mother, "are you willing to die? Would you not rather live to comfort me when the frosts of age shall have whitened my hair? Can you willingly leave earth and its pleasures, your own quiet home, and the mother who has ever loved you? Oh, Ellen, Ellen," cried the affectionate parent, as the sorrow of her heart burst forth, "what shall I do! My children, dear little ones, where are they! Gone, gone, and you, the last of all, my only hope, are to be torn also from me! Oh, how shall I bear this sorrow! and the distressed mother hugged to her bosom the dear one of her heart, and sobbed bitterly.

"Dear ma," said Ellen, as she endeavored to wipe away her mother's tears, "I cannot stay with you, for death has fastened his icy fingers upon me. Earth's pleasures are worth nothing to me, and yet I would fain live to make you happy, to watch over you beside in the time of sickness, and receive your dying blessing; but this cannot be; ere nightfall my spirit shall have taken its departure, shall be at rest forever."

The afternoon was closing. The orb of day had nearly finished his course, and yet Ellen slumbered. Her mother still sat near the bed, watching anxiously the changes as they passed over the countenance of her loved one. At length Ellen opened her eyes, and while those lustrous orbs were fixed upon her mother's face, she whispered, feebly:

"Ma, I am almost there; the way is pleasant and not dark to me. Give me your hand, ma; oh, I shall soon be at home. See, ma, see yonder," continued the sinking child, as she pointed towards heaven, "there are beautiful beings beckoning me to come to them, and they are singing sweet music; do you not hear them? Oh, happy spirits, I shall soon be with you! Farewell, ma, we must now part, but not forever."

Her hand fell upon the bed, and the mother saw that the silver cord was about to be loosened, that her dear child was to be taken from her. Ellen whispered again:

"Ma, that white rose, remember to place it in my going home when I am dead; weep not, I am going home to see pa, and sister and dear little Walter, too. Now, ma, kiss me. You have often kissed me when I sat upon your knee, talking to you in prattling, child-like innocence, and now kiss me again—it will be the parting kiss until we meet above. Oh, I am about to fall asleep in the arms of death, and awaken in that world where the sun never sets."

Her voice faltered, and the mother bent her head closely to the lips of her child; and these last words echoed in her ear, "at—home—to live—in—heaven."

She remained in that little room—oh, yes! for that pure spirit had taken its flight to the mansions of glory.

Her sun of life had disappeared behind the hemisphere of mortality, and the mother closed the eyes of her departed Ellen, and while the big tears coursed o'er her cheeks, sobbed aloud. "Farewell, my Ellen, my last, my only hope!—farewell, child of my bosom, until I meet thee in that happy home where thou shalt be parted from me no more!"

Reader, it was her last tie.

The Wrong Man.

Justly so, reader! A gentleman of this country once took a notion that he would keep a *Hotel* in a neighboring village, and not being able to build a very fine house, he built a log cabin, which was very small, and contained only two beds, one single and the other double. So one night a Yankee came in very much inebriated, called for a bed, the landlord put him in the single bed. Directly an Irishman came in, called for lodging, and went into the house; he had imbibed so much of the morning dew, he could think of but one thing, and that was, he had promised a friend to meet him at a certain place (the distance of which was twelve miles,) and charged the landlord particularly, to wake him up early next morning. So he retired to bed. Directly a colored gentleman rode up, and asked to stay all night; the landlord studied some moments about permitting him to stay, as he had but two beds, and a white man in each of them; so at last he thought to himself that the negro's money was not to be despised, so he concluded to let the darkey stay, and put him in bed with Pat. After the negro had gone to bed some time, the landlord studied some moments about the Irishman, and concluded that he would play him a trick. So the negro rose, and took a burnt cork and blackened the Irishman, as black as the old gentleman who inhabits the regions below.

Next morning the Irishman, turning about in the bed, discovered that he had a bedfellow; so he raised up and looked at the negro, and falling back, went to sleep again. Directly the landlord went into the room to wake him as he had promised, and Pat got out of bed and was dressing in a great hurry, when happening to cast his eye on his hand he discovered that it was black, said he to the landlord:—"Landlord is that hand black?" The landlord told him that it was. He looked at the other, and saw that it was black; he stood and looked with perfect astonishment, and said: "Landlord, 'taint possible my face is black, is it?"

"Yes," the Landlord told him.

After standing and looking with astonishment for some moments, a new idea popped into his head, and he said to the landlord (looking at him with a pleasing countenance):

"I have just found out the mistake—you have waked the negro, not me?" and Pat jumped into bed again, feeling satisfied that the landlord had not waked him.

THE FUTURE.—It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of Mercy." Seek not to raise that veil, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles and gladness."

He that clothes the poor, clothes his own soul. He that sweetens the cup of affliction, sweetens his own heart. He that feeds the hungry, spreads out a banquet for himself, more sweet and refreshing than luxury can bestow.

Selected Articles.

From the Southern Cultivator.
Valuable Recipes.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Below I send you several Recipes which I know to be valuable, cut up in five or six pound pieces, take the bones out of the quarters, salt, spread, and let it remain for the night, to let the bloody water escape. Next morning, pack in barrels, the fleshy pieces and ribs in one barrel, and the back bone, surloin and rump in another.

Have a strong pickle boiled the evening you kill the beef, sufficiently strong to swim an egg; add one pound of salt-peter and four pounds of brown sugar to the one thousand pounds of meat, and mix it with the pickle. Pour the cold brine on the beef in the morning, first having put weight on the beef, mutton or venison, to keep it down, and cover the meat with brine. As soon as a white foam rises on the top of the brine, skim it off, boil the brine over, let it stand until cold, and pour it on your meat again. If salt is plenty, I prefer a new pickle. I have eat beef preserved by this process, at my table in the heat of summer, perfectly sound, three weeks in pickle; and those who will follow the above directions, may expect to do the same.

To cure Chills and Fevers.—Having a quarter on the bank of the Mississippi, where chills and fevers are very common, I use Stoughton's Bitters in doses of from one to two table spoons full, three times per day, for two or three weeks, first giving a blue mass pill, and stopping one paroxysm with quinine. This preparation of tonic bitters I consider superior to any other I have seen; it breaks up the constitutional predisposition in the system to chills and fevers, gives tone to the stomach, and renovates the system. I have used it for many years with uninterrupted success, and make twenty gallons at a time for the use of my quarter on the Mississippi river, where a physician has not visited for eighteen months, nor a death for two years.

Take 34 ounces of Guntian Root, 2-3" of Cinnamon Alaba (white bark), 8 " of Lignum Quassia, 8 " of Coriander Seed, 12 " of Orange Peel, 4 " of Red Sanders (to color), 5 gallons good Whiskey.

Chip up the ingredients with a knife, and it will be ready for use in fourteen days.

To dye Yarn a deep blue.—Take one-quarter pound of alum, dissolve it in one gallon of water, put in three pounds of yarn, boil two hours and dry. Have a dye prepared of one and a half bushels of purslain (large field pursley) in a kettle of water, boil until done, and the water reduced to three gallons; strain and throw away the purslain.

At the same time, have another pot of dye, prepared of half a pound of chipped or ground logwood, and two gallons of water; boil down to a half gallon, strain and put the logwood dye in the purslain dye; boil the same logwood three consecutive times in the same way, strain and empty in the purslain dye, so as to extract the logwood. Then add half an ounce of blue stone dissolved in water, to the dye; put the yarn in the dye, boil two hours; ring out the dye, and dry. After it is dry, wash the yarn in soap and water. Wool may be dyed by the same process, and mixed cloth or stockings may be manufactured of a mixed shade.

To prevent Horses from having the Grubs.—Keep the nits off of your horses and mules in the fall; if you do, and your horses are taken sick, your time and medicine will be lost to doctor them for grubs—there will be none there.

To take away Warts.—Rub the juice of the Salmon Radish on the Warts, twice a day, until the wart is taken up by the absorbent vessels.

To stop Hiccough.—Eat a lump of brown sugar the size of a partridge egg or larger, and they will cease in a few moments.

To drive Lice from Cabbage.—The first week in July I sprinkled lime on Cabbage infested with lice, and they left in a few days. The remedy deserves further trial.

I enclose, you for publication the following slip from the Baltimore Sun.—Any thing that relates to Guano becomes a matter of interest to us. It is now so successfully used for agricultural purposes, that it can no longer be regarded as an experiment. The high price is however a great drawback to the application of it. We are glad to perceive, by the following extract, that we may hope hereafter to obtain it cheaper. We had an opportunity, a few days ago, to witness the beneficial effects of guano on cotton. The cotton to which the guano had been applied, was looking very fine and luxuriant. In the middle of the field were two rows left, to which no guano had been applied—the difference was most astonishing. That which had no guano, was certainly not yield more than a third as much as that which has. This field of cotton belongs

to Dr. B. S. Sweat, in the lower part of the district, and lies immediately on the road leading from Midway to Fish Ponds, and all who pass that way, can view for themselves, the result of the guano. We predict that the guano, will another year be extensively used in South Carolina, as doubtless the beneficial results in every District where it has been used, have fully satisfied our people of its utility. In our own district, there will no doubt be a considerable demand, for it can be easily conveyed to us by means of the rail road. Would it not be well that some enterprising merchant, should embark in the business of importing the guano directly into the city of Charleston, instead of relying on Northern seaports. If brought direct it would doubtless much diminish the price.—Palmetto Sentinel.

THE PERUVIAN GUANO TRADE.—The recent action of the Government, in ordering a portion of the Pacific Squadron to protect our merchant vessels engaged in the guano trade off the coast of Peru, is likely to prove of considerable value to the commercial and agricultural interests. The Peruvian government now exacts a bonus of \$12 per ton, making it cost, with other charges, when landed in the United States, about \$27 per ton. The trade, however, is mainly monopolized by a British company, in which it is alleged, the charge to this country from Peru is interested, so that our farmers are compelled to pay \$50 and \$60 per ton. The Lobos Islands claimed to be under the jurisdiction of Peru, though it has no settlement upon them and affords them no protection are said to abound with an excellent article of guano, and if the trade be properly prosecuted under the protection of our national vessels, it could be easily delivered in the United States at a fair profit above the actual cost of transportation, and at about one-third of the average price which is charged to the consumer."

Christianity Essential to Happiness.

Mr. Allison, the distinguished historian, lately delivered a lecture on this subject. He suggested that where the Christian religion had spread, the people had replenished and subjected the earth in proportion. He exhibited the effects of the unfettered liberty of pure religion in the corresponding liberty of the subject, in modern, as compared with slavery in ancient heathen kingdoms. He made manifest its influence in its effects on modern warfare—the sparing of the conquered in lieu of murdering man, woman and child, or chaining them in slavery, as in the days of ancient conquerors, prior to the light of the Gospel. Mr. Allison dwelt particularly on the reign of terror in the great revolution in France. He showed how, by this fearful vindication of the majesty of the Deity, the doctrines of Voltaire were dashed with signal defeat, by the withdrawal of divine grace and protection from France. In the peopling of America, and colonization of new countries, Mr. Allison pointed out the effect of the Christian religion; the energy and freedom of Europeans was invigorated thereby, in lieu of having the supineness of heathen society. He reminded us that the discoveries of Columbus, of the compass of printing, were contemporary with the Reformation, as if the shackles of superstition were to be shaken from us, before we were allowed to people the vast Western hemisphere.

Finally, Mr. Allison demonstrated that Christianity was rapidly on its march, and that all things tended to the great consummation in the East and West. This he did, by skillfully exhibiting Russia as a military nation, subjecting by degrees the Eastern regions of the world, and so uprooting heathenism; whilst at the same time the more tranquil nations of Western Europe poured their shoals of industrious emigrants into America and Australia, where nations had not to be conquered, and where Christianity could be more readily extended. In the migration to California might be seen the progress of the mysterious dispensations of God. By degrees, the band of Christianity would encircle the whole earth, and those nations still bound in Eastern slavery would be further influenced, enlightened and made free.

The lost Bank Note.

A—was an irreligious man nearly sixty years of age. He had long neglected the house of God, and indulged in the use of profane language. One day last winter he lost a bank note in his barn. He sought for it several times, but did not find it. At length he said to himself:—"That note is in the barn, and I will search for it till I find it!" Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved straw and hay hour after hour, till he found the note.

He had told me two months before that he knew that his soul was not right with God, and intended to live a better life and seek salvation. His anxiety increased. A few weeks after he lost the note he sat by the fire musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife and asked:

"What must one do to become a Christian?"

"You must seek for it," she replied, "as you sought for the bank note."

She said no more. It was "a word fitly spoken." He tried to follow the direction, and thinks that, through the grace and mercy of Christ, he has found the "pearl of great price," and rejoices in the hope and glory of God.

Sunday Reading.

Christianity Essential to Happiness.

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